Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull ſwords.
King Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon prowde man ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great
As is my griefe, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swellſt thou (prowd heart) Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes haue ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke
King What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depoſde?
The king ſhall be contented: muſt he looſe
The name of King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almeſmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a diſh of wood:
My ſcepter for a Palmers walking ſtaffe:
My ſubiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a little graue,
A little little graue, an obſcure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their ſoueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weeptſt (my tender-hearted coſin)
Weele make fowle weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighs and they ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
As thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

Two kinſmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at me.
Moſt mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What ſaies king Bullingbroke, will his maieſtie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,
You make a leg and Bullingbroke ſaies I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend,
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like gliſtring Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the baſe court, baſe court where Kinges grow baſe,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
In the baſe court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles ſhreeke where mounting larkes ſhould ſing.
Bull. What ſaies his maieſtie?
North. Sorrowe and greife of hart,
Makes him ſpeake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Maieſtie: *(he kneeles downe.*
My gratious Lord.
King. faire coſen, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleaſed eie ſee your curteſie:
Vp coſen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be lowe.
Bull. My gratious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.
King. Well you deſerue: they well deſerue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares ſhew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coſen I am to yong to be your Father,